An Arkansaw Traveler.

The following is the original dialogue from which was conceived the famous story of "The Arkansaw Traveler."

A lost and bewildered Arkinsaw Traveler approaching the cabin of a Squatter, about forty years ago, discovered the proprietor seated on an old whisky barrel near the door, partly sheltered by the eaves playing a fiddle, when the following dialogue ensuedt the Squatter still continuing to play the same part over and over.

Traveler—Hallo stranger!

Squatter—Hallo yourself.

T.—Can I get to stay all night with you?

S.—You can get to go to h-ll.

T.—Have you any spirits here?

S.—Lots of 'em. Sal saw one last night by that thar old gun and it nearly skeered her to death.

T.—You mistake the meaning, have you any liquor?

S.—Had some yesterday, but old Bose he got in and lapped all uv it out'n the pot.

T.—You don't understand, I don't mean pot liquor, I'm wet and cold, and want some whisky. Have you got any!

S.—Oh, yes, I drank the last this morning.

T.—I'm hungry, haven't had a thing since morning, can't you give me something to eat?

S.—Hain't a d——d thing in the house. Not a mouthful of meat, or a dust of meal here.

T.—Well, can't you give my horse something?

S.—Got nuthin' to feed him on.

T.—As I'm so bold, then what might your name be?

S.—It might be Dick, and it might be Tom, but it lacks a d——d sight of it.

T.—Sir, will you tell me where this road goes to?

S.—It's never been anywhar since I've lived here; it's always thar when I get up in the mornin'.

T.—Well how far is it to where it forks?

S.—It don't fork at all, but it splits up like the d—l.

T.—As I'm not likely to get any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink.

S.—My house leaks. Thar's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleeps on it. And that thar is the old woman's persimmon, you can't tie to it, case she don't want um shuk off. She 'lows to make beer out'n um.

T.—Why dou't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?

S.—It's been raining all day.

T.—Well, why don't you do it in dry weather?

S.—It don't leak then.

T.—As there seems to be nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do anyhow?

S.—Putty well, I thank you, how do yourself?

T.—I mean what do you do for a living here?

S.—Keep tavern and sell whisky.

T.—Well, I told you I wanted some whisky.

S.—Stranger, I bought a bar'l mor'n a week ago. You see me and Sal went shars. Arter we got it here, we only had a bit between us, and Sal she didn't want to use hern fust nor me mine. You see I had a spiggot in one eend, and she in tother. So she takes a drink out'n of my eend, and pays me the bit for it; and then I'd take one out'n hern and give her the bit. Well, we's gitting along fust rate. till Dick, d—d skulking skunk, he bores a hole on the bottom to suck at, and the next time I went to buy a drink, they wurnt none thar.

T.—I'm sorry your whisky's all gone, but my friend, why don't you play the balance of that tune?

S.—It's got no balance to it.

T.—I mean you dofi't play the whole of it.

S.—Stranger, can you play the fuddul?

T.—Yes, a little, sometimes.

S.—You don't look like a fuddler, but if you think you can play any more onto that thar tune, you can just git down and try.

[The traveler gets down and plays the whole of it.]

S.—Stranger, take a half a dozen cheers and sot down, Sal. stir yourself around like a six horse team in a mudhole. Go round in the holler, whar I killed that buck this mornin', cut off some of the best pieces, and fotch it in and cook for me and this gentleman, directly. Rise up the board under the head of the bed, and git the old jug I hid from Dick, and give us some whisky; I know thar's some left yit. Til, drive old Bose out'n the bread-tray, then climb up in the loft, and git the rag that's got the sugar tied in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's hoss round under the shed, give him some fodder and corn, as much as he can eat.

Til.—Dad, they ain't knives enough to sot the table.

S.—Whar's big butch, little butch, old case, cob-handle, granny's knife, and the one I handled yesterday? That's enough to sot any gentleman's table, without you've lost um. D—n me, stranger, ef you can't stay as long as you please, and I give you plenty to eat and drink. Will you have coffee for supper?

T.—Yes, sir.

S.—I'il be hanged if you do, tho', we don't have nothin' that way but Grub Hyson, and I reckon its mighty good with sweetnin'. Play away, stranger, you kin sleep on the dry spot to-night.

T.—(After about two hours' fiddling.) My friend, can't you tell me about the road I'm to tramp to-morrow?

S.—To-morrow. Stranger, you won't get out of these diggins for six weeks. But when it gits so you kin start, you see that big slew over thar? Well, 'you have to git crost that, then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two-acre-and-a-half corn-patch, the corn is mitely in the weeds, but you needn't mind that, just ride on. About a mile and a half or two miles, from thar you will come to the d—dest swamp you ever struck in all your travels, its boggy enough to mire a saddle blanket. Thar's a fust rate road about six feet under thar.

T.—How am I to get at it?

S.—You can't get at it narry time till the weather stiffens down sum. Well, about a mile beyont you come to a place where thar's two roads. You can take the right hand if you want to, you'll foller it a mile or so, and yoo'l find it run out; you'll then have to come back and try the left, when you git about two miles on that you may know you are wrong, for thar ain't any road thar! You'll then think you are mighty lucky ef you kin find the way back to my house, whar you kin come and play on the tune as long as you please.

A TRAVELLER, going to bed, was surprised to see a ghost, which—or who—in a spectral tone began, "I am the spirit of one who was murdered here." "That's no business of mine," said the man, turning round on his pillow; "apply to other quarters. Good-night."

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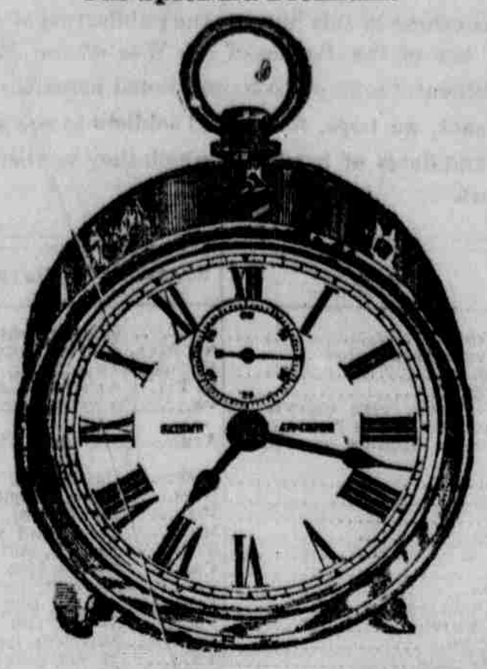

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The attention of the former clients of B. F. Pritchard, Esq., of Indianapolis, Indiana, who have not written to me since December, 1876, is again called to the following:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOV. 13, 1876.

GEORGE E. LEMON, Esq., Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR—You are hereby authorized to notify each of my clients that I have transferred to you all their claims, evidences, &c., and that it is my desire that they should correspond with you hereafter, and forward such evidense as you may need to complete their claims.

(Signed) B. F. PRITCHARD,

This proposed transfer was submitted to the Hon. Z. Chandler, Secretary of the Interior, for his consideration and action. The following extract from his letter, written to the Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, explains itself, and to it your attention is invited:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., December 6, 1876.

* * * * * * * * * *

In view of the peculiar state of facts existing in the case, and the good standing of Mr. Lemon as an attorney before this Department, as well as his apparent good faith in this entire transaction, I am of the opinion that it would be proper to allow the transfer to be made.

* * * * * * * * *

Z. CHANDLER.

In accordance with the foregoing, the Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, issued an order recognizing me in all cases filled by Mr. Pritchard prior to October 6, 1876; wherein he hath the power of substitution.

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